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May 1, 1968

Dear Gene and Sunny:

Tomorrow is one or the others birthday, and I have confused my calendar notes or I would be sure which it is! Anyhow, perhaps you can divide the wishes, and let me know later which I missed.

I have thought so often about both of you and I am sure you wonder what is happening down here, especially with Columbia in a riot. Everyone's life seems to be more and more uprooted and disturbed, and no matter with whom I talk there seems to be a feeling of depression and strain. With the murder of Dr. King, and the economic and political situation constantly boiling up and over, it is hardly any wonder that most of us wish we could escape to another world.

Part of the reason for writing is to let you know that that is just about what I am contemplating. A whole series of circumstances have risen since I last wrote(and I believe that I did tell you I am going to The Bishop's School in La Jolla, Cal.) so I needs must bring you up to date. I have been packing for the past three weeks and have thirty-five cartons of books alone. When I received the estimate for the moving from the van line, I nearly jumped out the window. It will cost me $3000.00 to make this transfer, and I was certainly in a panic as to how I could raise that sort of money. While I was scouting around at a bank here(and the law does not permit loans across state lines) and a possible second mortgage on my house in Westminster, Elizabeth Stimson, without any warning, wrote me that she wanted to loan me the money, without interest, to be paid back at my leisure! It seemed like a miracle, and who knows that it wasn't?

I have been in touch with several real estate people in La Jolla, trying to find an apartment or a house, and having little luck, perhaps because it is too early and I don't need a place until Aug. 1. Anyhow, Gladys Gucker called me Sunday night to thank me for her birthday card and in passing wanted to know about the rumor I was getting married. It seems that Rhoda Van Dyke lives nest door to them and she has a daughter and son-in-law living in La Jolla, who are <u>renting their house as of the first of August</u>. I telephoned the daughter yesterday morning, arranged to take it sight unseen, and have sent off a check for the first month's rent. Another miracle!

Anna and I are planning on getting married on Sun. July 7th, in my apartment, for it needs must be simple, quiet, and inexpensive. Her two brothers and sisters-in-law will come, the Stimsons, and good old Breity and Annette Lupo, our long-time friends and supporters. Jesse will do the ceremony, so with Becky it makes a total of 12.

Such a revolution and so many changes in two lives! It hardly seems possible even now that I have come so far towards this moment. Both of us are genuinely happy about it and are looking forward to an entirely new and venturesome life together. Anna has not, so far, been able to locate a job out there, but the Stimsons, once again, have come up with two good contacts. They know a Dr. Carson, a well-known internist in La Jolla(whose daughter goes to The Bishop's School) and a banker named Vint, who has written Anna and has offered to investigate and assist in finding a good position.

How long ago Genoa seems! How far away May, 1946 seems.' How many things we have shared and how good you have been to me over all these years. I was recalling with Gladys the great people who made up that first committee and how truly remarkable each one was, and with what deep love and affection I have been surrounded all these years. Tho' we are separated by quite a few miles, and shortly will be even further apart, I hope that the years only deepen the memory and appreciation I feel for all of you, especially the two of you.

I go out to see Jim on June 3rd, and have had some good letters from him. He seems content and well, and those who have seen them report that both are happy. He finds it a bit trying to escape from Maud, especially when he must come into the city to make a tape, but I imagine things are better out there than they had been before.

God is so merciful to all of us and I can only say for myself, I have always been in His care, and if I had received what I actually deserved, I would <u>really</u> have suffered. My last two years seem unbelieveable at times, but I can see from the distance that my trip abroad and the year since I returned have been blessings in disguise and have made it possible for me to go ahead when everything seemed against me.

I wish I could see you once again before I go, but I don't know how I can work it. Perhaps something will occur to bring it to pass. So many wonderful things keep happening that I don't expect, I wait on God's plan more readily than I have in the past.

With every good wish for a happy birthday, and many more, and my unending thanks for your loyalty and love.

Love,

Dick